"What is the Bane of a Young Actress' Life."

By CLARA MORRIS.

"What is the bane of a young actress' life?"

NDER the protection of pretty seals stamped in various fints of wax, I find one question appearing in many slightly different forms. A large number of writers ask: "What is the greatest difficulty a young actress has to surmount?" In another pile of notes the question appears in this guise: "What is the principal obstacle in the way of the young actress?" While two most a darding actress?" While two most a darding actress? The opera glass is almost universally used, deceptions would be more easily discovered; and more, oh! so much more is expected from the actress of today. Formerly the was required first of all to sink her own individuality in that of the woman is the principal obstacle in the way of the young actress? While two most actress of today formerly the way acting in, was to make here to a cheaper background, and then picking out the high lights with embroidered silk, the effect being not only beautiful but rich. All these make believes were necessary then, on a \$30 or \$35 a week salary—for a leading lady drew no more.

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she was required first of all to sink her of own individuality in that of the woman sine pretended to be; and next, if it was a dramatized novel she was acting in, she was to make herself to look as nearly like the described heroine as possible; otherwise she had simply to make herself as pretty as she knew how, in her own way—that was all. But now the actresses of a great city are supposed to set the fashions for the coming season. They almost literally dress in the style of tomorrow; thus the cut of clothes becomes harmful to the actress. Precious time that should be given to the minute study, the final polishing of a difficult character, is used instead in deciding on the pitch of a skirt, the width of a collar, or upon sleeve, strap or no sleeve at all.

Some ladies of my acquaintance who had been to the theatre three times, avowedly to study as models the costumes, when questioned as to the play, looked at one another and then answered vaguely: "The performance? Oh, nothing remarkable! It was fair enough—but the dresses! They are really beyond anything in town! and must have cost a mint of money!" So we have got around to the opposite of the old-time alm—when the answer might possibly have been: "The acting was beyond anything in town! The dresses? Oh, nothing remarkable. Oh, well, fair enough," I have often been told by fameus women of the past that the beautiful Mrs. Russell, then of Wallack's theatre, was the originator in this country of richly elegant realism in suage costuming; when it was known that the mere linings of her gowns cost more than the outside of other's dresses; that all her velvet was silk velvet; all her lace to the last inch was real lace; that no wired or spliced feathers curied about her splendid leg-

horns, only magnificent single plumes, can be compared to the worth weeks of salary. This hand a sensation; but, alsa's at the same time as he unconsciously scattered seed be hind her that syrang up into a fine-crow actresses to gather. Qui donne he ment donne ha faint. Highther the let me say, and the relation of the salar should a micro and the same time that the same time of the same importance—a creation of

poorest dresser for advance.

an opening occurs.

Recently some actresses, whose acknowledged ability as artists should, I think, have lifted them above such display, allowed their very charming pictures to appear in a public print, with these headings: "Miss B— in her \$1,000 dln: "Miss B— in her \$1,000 cloak;" "Miss J— in her \$200 tea gown." iy where: "Miss M—'s \$100 parasol." Now had these pictures been given to illustrate the surpassing grace or beauty or novelty of the gowns—the act might act have appeared a gracious one, a sort of friendly "tip" on the newest things out we we we had the selection of mad extravagance is abroad in the iand. Luxuries have become necessities, fine feeling is blunted, consideration for others is forgotten.

open door, bidding me hurry over to the dressmaker's. I had a partial revenge, however, for one of the plates he insisted on having copied for me, turned out so hideously unbeco-ning that the dress was retired after one night's wear, and he made himself responsible for the bill.

Sometimes a girl loses her chance at a small part, that it is known she could do nicely, because some other girl can outdress her—that is very bitter. Them, again, so many plays now are of the present day—and when the terribity expensive garment is procured it can only be worn for that one play, and next season it is out of date. When the simplest fashionable gown costs \$125, what must a ball gown with cloak, gloves, fan, slippers and all, come to? There was a time when comic artists today, would be mobbed—\$20 and \$30 are quite ordinary prices now.

So the young actress, unless she has some little months and so eke that salary out, is bound to be tormented by the question of clothes—for she is human and wants to look as well as brilliant artists, who would be deeply pained if any acts of their schould fill some sister's heart with bitter envy and fatal emulation—being driven on to competition by the with bitter envy and fatal emulation—being driven on to competition by the mistaken belief that the fine dresses had made the success of their owners. Oh! for a little moderation—a little consideration for the under-girl in the struggle for clothes!

In old times of costume plays the manager urnished most of the ward-robe for the men (oh! lucky men!), who provided but their own tights and shoes—and judging from the extreme beauty and richness of the costumes of the New York plays of today and the fact that a lady of exquisite taste designs wholesale, as one might say, all the dresses for production after production, it would seem that he management must share the heavy expenses of such costuming, or else the salaries are very much higher than they were a few years ago. In France the stage no doubt partly fills the place of the departed cour

Modern Fables:

Che Pilgrim Who Wanted to Keep Cases on Man's Advancement.

George Ade.

chipped in on a Grand Ex-position. The Purpose of the was to assemble, inside the Fence, the Marvels of Art, Architec-ture, Manufactures, Machinery and Agall the Ten-Strikes of the a Liberal Education.

he Heavy Editorial Writers, who I the Levers of the Universe, en-sed the Enterprise. They said it uld be Great Stuff for the Sister Le-

ole to understand that they knew where Buffa.o was.

The Managers of the Fair sent far and near for whiskered Men with freamy Eyes and big Cravats to Sculp and Paint and figure out Coleschemes. The General Instructions were to make Chicago look like a be-trageried Side Show.

Committees worked all Night on the Plans, for it was determined that this Exposition should mark an Epoch. The Langs with which to dazzle the Langs cape Gardener took liberties with the Face of Nature, and the Electrician put in more than 1,000,000,000 Incandes on in in the South, were packed into the



a neat white Label. It would have taken one Man seven years to read all the Labels. Then the Gates were opened; the big

Fountain broke loose, and the Band played Patriotic Music. The eager Public, which was waiting to study all these evidences of Occidental Progress, was invited to flock in and partake of the Intellecuti and Aesthetic Spread. Magazine Authors and Special Writers came and looked at the Spectacle and immediately began to froth at the Mouth and do epileptic Flip-Flops. They opened up new boxes of Adjectives and got out their exclamation Points and Boosted for all they were worth. So, every one who could Beg. Borrow or Finance the Price, was dead anxious to see the Pan-American.

In a Town somewhat removed from the Site of the Big Show there lived a Respected Person who had read all about the Preparations. He was in sympathy with the lofty purposes of the Convocation. Being a Student of History, he had an Abiding Faith in the Future of the New Republic. As a Son







Next Day he had to get a Move on himself, as his Time was limited. He visited the Ostrich Farm, joshed the Filipinos, asked foolish questions of the Japs, rode a Camel, took in the Indian War-Dance and the Infant Incubator, lost his Hat on the Scenic Rallway and drank about a gallon of York State

to the East.

"What is there over in that Direction?" he asked of a Guard.

"The Electricity Building, the Machinery and Transportation Building the Horticulture Building, Temple of Music, Mines Building, Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the Agriculture Building, the Stadium and many other Instructive Departments," was the Reply.

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Lies and Cheir Uses. & & By Edgar Saltus.

In an address which he recently delivered to the students of the Chicago university there is the sheen and solidity of steet. For the ultimate good he advocated an acquiescence to tenets presumably false and, if we have understood him correct.

and, if we have understood him correctly, rather enjoined the pursuit of higher truth. "Provided the notive be zood." he declared, "the proceeding is justifiable." To our thinking the provise is needless. Otherwise his views have our entire approval. They glitter with sense. For 't is not on truth that humanity subsists, but on lies, lies by day, dreams by 'ht, and eccasionally nightmares, yet as ye on something fictitious and unreal. Were the provender different the heart of man would have to be altered.

It is recorded that after admission to the mysteries of Elusis—in which the

would have to be altered.

It is recorded that after admission to the mysteries of Elusis—in which the meaning of life and of death was revealed-gayety and laughter forsook the initiates forever. They beheld Truth and the sight of it withered them. In the adlegory of the basilisk, which, with its eyes, destroyed whatever it looked on, is very simage. History is a chronicle of the world's abhorrence of it. It is not so, long ago that those by whom that abhorrence was not shared had the thumbscrews and the fasot.

Palns and pendities of this nature Time, in its indulgence, has miligated. But it has militared them merely. Said Helme: "Wherever a great mind gives utterance to its thoughts thereaise is Golgotus."

And quite naturally. People do not want the truth. What they do want the truth. What they do want the truth is very right. No one can modify it. It is neither plastic nor pliable, it cannot be sweetened to the taste. In its pharmacopaca there are no pleasant pellets.

Yet look at the chemistry of falsehood.

Yet look at the chemistry of faischood has possibilities of 't are prodigious reperly compounded it becomes a tonic, secutive or an anaesthetic at will. But a great merit, one which physicians fremently overlook, is its wholesomeness and evocative properties.

dy overlook, is its avocative properties, selbood is the source and origin of ome of the illusions which constitute charm of life. It is the foundativities and the maintaily of order, because are based on it and with them.

T. JEROME speaks somewhere of a bediened disc where one and all derived from where of a bediened disc by ext. Ground to the course—serious guidents. Dr. Agriculture is course—serious guidents of the Chicago university of the submitted of the Chicago university of the submitted of the Chicago university of the submitted of the Chicago university of the course of the co

her domestic virtues would die an old bachelor.

Women themselves are adepts in handling the small change of white lies that carries on society.

Take a fashionable reception, for instance; doesn't it interpret itself something like this:

"Dear Mrs. Jones, so glad to see you. (Might have known that horrid pushing thing would be here. Wonder how she got invited, anyway?)"

"Ah, you Mrs. Brown; delighted to meet you again. (Wouldn't care if I never saw you again.) Such a charming frock. (She's worn it to everything this season)."

never saw you again.) Such a charming frock. (She's worn it to everything this season)."

"Is that Mr. De Smythe singing? Such a delicious voice—(for calling pigs)."

"Oh, Miss Blank, I hear you are going to favor us with one of your charming to favor us with one of your charming recitations. Is it true? (If that demon reciter is going to perform I'll escape in time to save my life)."

"Dear Mrs. Hostess, everything so charming—quite the most beautiful tea. I have been to this winter. Everything so perfect. (Thank heaven, that's over. Never saw so many stupid people together in my life. Wonder where she corralled 'em all?)"

And Mrs. Hostess smiles and smirks as if she were enjoying it all, and is inwardly returning thanks as every guest leaves and congratulating herself she has paid off all her social debts at 40 cents on the doller.

But the polite thing has been dame, and society has been saved by a lie.

Truth is a luxury in which only the uncivilized can afford to indulge.

None of us in these days has the strength to wield the weapon or the toughness of epidermis to withstand its attacks.

DOROTHY DIX.

66 T T is certainly justifiable to preach a creed a part of which you do not approve, or to listen to a minister say things you do not like. When the motive is good—when all is done for the ultimafe end-it is well, but when it is done hypocritically, for social position, or for money, it is not to be endured.

"A preacher who preaches for salary alone is too mean to live. He ought to be hung and quartered, and his biography written by his worst enemy. It is impossible to enunciate a croed with which every one will agree in all particulars.

"Conciliation is necessary for any great number of people to agree Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, to hymns, creed or liturgy. I would throw out many of the hymns if I had anything to do with it. Other people would throw out others, and soon we would have an entire new set of hymns, and they would be as unsatisfactory as the first. We cannot get an ideal expurgation. Do not leave a church because you do not believe in all of its details. A preacher may use a prayer book any of whose tenets he does not believe if the ******************************

Justifiable.

Chancellor of the University

of Nebraska, in an Address to the Students of the Universsty of Chicago.

Dr. Andrews also found justification for the society woman who says she is not at home when she does not wish to receive some one who calls. "This is a conventional misstatement, which is not meant to deceive anybody, and rarely does. It is a lie that does not lie, and there seems to be little harm in it.

"Another of the conventional lies that we have is the complimentary closing of letters. We says 'yours truly' when we mean nothing of the sort. If Admiral Schley should write to Admiral Sampson he would probably sign himself 'Your obedient servant,' but he would not mean that, and Admiral Sampson would know he did not mean it. These conventional things mean about as much as the 'amen' at the end of a prayer. It means simply that we are through.

"How may one know when he has a right to deceive? Do not deceive because you wish to save your own bacon, nor for any advantage of your cwn. Do not form a habit or inclination to deceive, but there are times when it is perfectly proper to deceive to some extent when the object of the deception is justifiable. No selfish object can be justifiable."